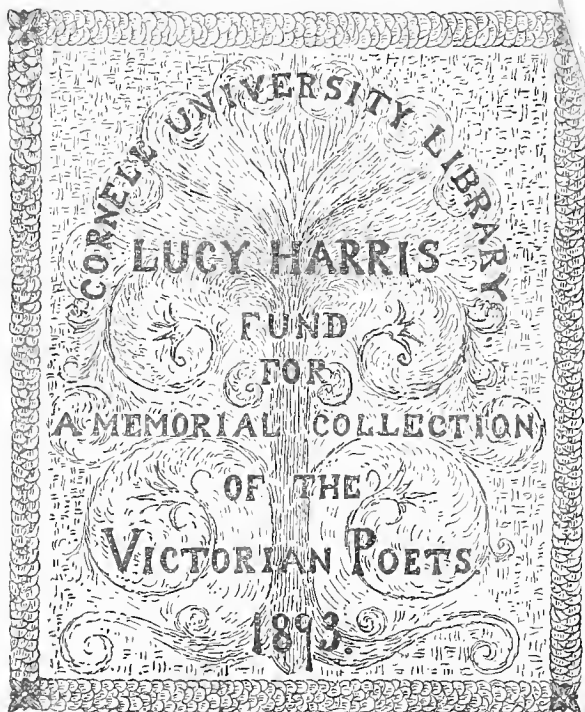
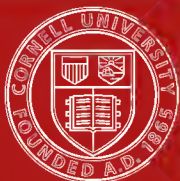




A.116268

7/7/1898



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

VERSES GRAVE AND GAY.

VERSES GRAVE AND GAY.

BY

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.



CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:
LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.

1891.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A.116268



TO MY FATHER.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"	9
WITHIN MY HEART	12
THE LOST LOVE	15
DISAPPOINTED	18
THE HERMIT	21
"GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH"	24
THE SHEPHERD'S SEARCH	27
IN MEMORIAM	31
IVY	33
HARVEST HYMN	35
RECESSIONAL HYMN	38
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW	42
A PLEA FOR ZENANA MISSIONS	43
SPRING-TIME	45
WINGS	47
EVENING SHADOWS	48
NIGHT	49
HAPPINESS.	51
SPRING SONG	52

	PAGE
"AUF WIEDERSEH'N"	54
LOSS AND GAIN	56
PURPLE AND GOLD	58
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN :—	
1. THE STREAMLET	60
2. SONG OF AUTUMN	61
3. SONG OF WINTER	63
4. FOUND	65
5. WOMEN OF WEINSBERG	67
GOLDEN DAFFODILS	70
LENT-LILIES	73
WHEN?	75
THOU AND I	76
AUTUMN SONG	77
INSTEAD	79
LOVE'S PORTION	81
THE LONGEST DAY	84
A PLAYTHING	86
IN JULY	88
POT-POURRI	90
WHICH?	92
NOW AS THEN	94
"A BLANK, MY LORD"	96
A "MAIDEN MEDITATION"	98
IN COLDEST ENGLAND	100
AMONG THE ROSES	102
AN OLD LOVE	104
A DREAM OF ACROSTICS	106

	PAGE
TO KING BABY	110
A FANTASY	112
A VALENTINE TO A PRIMROSE DAME	115

Sonnets.

TO THE OLD YEAR	121
TO THE NEW YEAR	122
TWO FRIENDS	123
SUNSHINE	124
NIGHT	125
AT THE GATE	126
AN OLD LEGEND	127
TO MY FRIEND	128
TO MY LADY	129
COMPENSATIONS	130
LOYALTY	131
COMPARISONS	132
AS IN A GLASS	133
A SPRING BREEZE	134
A ROYAL SILVER WEDDING	135
IMPERFECTIONS	136
THE BATTLE OF LIFE	137
"IN DARKEST ENGLAND"	138
TO THE HELIOTROPE	139

	PAGE
REVELATION XXII. 14	140
PEARLY GATES	141
THE RAINBOW ROUND THE THRONE	142
IN THE GARDEN	143
NATURE'S APATHY	144
SONGS	145
TIRED.	146
IN THE NEW GALLERY	147

VERSES GRAVE AND GAY.

VERSES GRAVE AND GAY.



“For Better, for Worse.”

QUOTH he, “Sweetheart, thou art young and fair,
And thy story has just begun ;
But I am as old
As a tale that’s told,
And the days of my youth are done.”
*“O’er ruins olden the clinging moss
Doth a mantle of velvet spread :
Shall the climbing flower
Be more to the tower
Than I to my Love ?” she said.*

QUOTH he, “Sweetheart, thou hast lands and gold,
And thou knowest not want nor woe ;
As a beggar poor
I stand at thy door,
And I only can love thee so.”

*"Through leafless forests the sunbeams creep,
All the wealth of their gold to shed :
And are they more fair
To the woodland bare
Than I to my Love ?" she said.*

Quoth he, "Sweetheart, thou art good and kind,
And wouldst never the lowest spurn ;
But the storm of life
With its toil and strife
Has rendered me harsh and stern."
*"The brooklet murmurs its sweetest lays
As it makes for the rocks ahead :
Shall the streamlet's song
Be more brave and strong
Than I for my Love ?" she said.*

Quoth he, "Sweetheart, thou art blithe and gay,
And thou never hast known a care ;
But my face is worn
And my heart is torn
With the sorrow I've had to bear."
*"The stars ne'er spangle the sapphire sky
Till the brightness of day has fled :
Shall the pale starlight
Be truer to night
Than I to my Love ?" she said.*

Quoth he, "Sweetheart, who art young and fair,
Will thy wonderful love to me

Through sorrow or shame

Be always the same?"

"Nay, it rather will grow," said she.

Again he cried, "Will it last, Sweetheart,

Till thy lover lies cold and dead,

And thy latest breath

Has been hushed in death?"

"Aye, longer than that," she said.

Within my Heart.

DEAREST, in my heart's recesses
 Thou wilt find no lonely spot
 Which thy presence never blesses—
 Where the thought of thee is not.
 Pass the open doors and straightway
 Search the chambers, scale the stair !
 Still from battlement to gateway
 Thou art always everywhere.

In the nursery, where unbidden
 Dust has buried childish joys,
 Memories of thee are hidden
 With the long-forsaken toys.
 In the castle-turrets airy,
 Built—ere girlhood's dreams had flown—
 By some strange fantastic fairy,
 Thou art still the corner-stone.

In the happy pleasure-garden
Thou art walking all the while ;
Winter frosts can never harden
In the sunlight of thy smile.
At thy touch the fragrant spices
All their sweetest perfumes yield,
And the honey that suffices
Fills the lilies of the field.

In the dungeon's darkest centre,
Where the iron has been wrought
Which within the soul must enter
Ere the final fight is fought—
Where forsaken hopes are flitting
Pale and ghost-like through the gloom—
Even there I find thee sitting
Like the Angel on the Tomb.

In the Holiest, when the chrism
Of the mystic Gilead-balm
Soothes me with its sweet baptism,
As I hear the far-off psalm
Sung by seraph-choirs to guide me
Up the sloping altar-stairs,
Then I feel thee close beside me,
And thy voice is one with theirs.

Hope may fail and Faith may falter,
Art and Learning may decay,
Tongues may cease and times may alter,
Prophecy may pass away ;
But as long as Love immortal
In its strength unshaken stands,
Thou shalt dwell within the portal
Of my house not made with hands.

The Lost Love.

THOU art not to blame, Dear,
 That my soul is hurt ;
 Thou art just the same, Dear,
 As thou always wert ;
 Thou wouldst never grieve me—
 Thou art far too kind :
 'Tis myself, believe me,
 That I have to mind. -

For I fell a-dreaming
 Once upon a time,
 In my folly deeming
 Simple things sublime ;
 And the best ideal
 That my heart could frame
 Seemed a being real
 Christened by thy name.

What thou really art, Love—
What my fancy guessed—
Are as far apart, Love,
As the East and West.
All my adoration
Was bestowed in vain
On a mere creation
Of my foolish brain.

Can I scold thee, seeing
All the blame was mine ?
Scorn thee for not being
Other self than thine ?
Thou wert not in fault, Dear,
Even in my sight,
That I did exalt, Dear,
Thee to such a height.

Through the long to-morrow,
I, who did this thing,
Must endure the sorrow
It is bound to bring ;
Showing by no token
How my heart doth ache
And is well-nigh broken
By my own mistake.

I would scorn as bubbles
 Earthly hopes and fears—
I would smile at troubles
 In the coming years—
If thou couldst but seem, Love,
 Once again to me
All I used to dream, Love!—
 But it cannot be.

Disappointed.

How sweet were the dreams that we dreamed, old
Friend,

Together, when life had but just begun !
How sad are our thoughts now we see the end
Of the vanity practised beneath the sun !
We neither have done what we meant to do—
We have neither become what we hoped to be :
Disappointment has darkened the day for you—
Disillusion has dawned on the world for me.

For one special treasure you vainly sought,
And laughed at the toil that the search entailed :
You worked and you waited, you prayed and
fought,
And your heart was broken because you failed.
So now you are bitter and hard and stern,
Regarding the world as your cruel foe :
As you have not the blessing for which you yearn,
You scornfully let all the others go.

I also began with a grand ideal,
And waited and wrestled and toiled and prayed ;

Till I found at last the prosaic real

So different from all that my dreams portrayed.
Then I ceased from the struggle and strain and
strife,

As the work and the waiting seemed all in vain ;
And I made up my mind to enjoy my life,
Nor heed that the hopes of my youth were slain.

Am I happy ? Yes : I have ceased to pine

For things that I know are beyond my reach :
I have eaten the husks with the herd of swine,
Extracting what pleasure I could from each.
Whilst you have been fretting your heart away
For joys it was fated you should not find,
I have made myself merry from day to day,
And left all the dreams of the past behind.

Yet I envy you, 'spite of your bitter pain ;

Because—through earth's hubbub, that grates and
jars—

You are listening still to the far-off strain

Which is sung on high by the morning stars.
You never would turn your eyes to the ground
From the heaven-sent vision they once had seen ;
So ready and waiting will you be found
When the angels bring you your "might have
been."

But as for myself—I have piped so long
The jangling refrains of the market-place,
That now I am deaf to the seraph-song
Which is floating forever through fields of space :
Among Kedar's tents I have dwelt at ease,
Forgetting my home in the mansions blest ;
The worst has had power my soul to please,
So it is not for me to attain the best.

The Hermit.

SAFE in the shelter of a lonely glen—
 A refuge which the distant hum of men
 Could reach but faintly—
 Untouched by human blame or human praise,
 There dwelt in ancient, half-forgotten days
 A hermit saintly.

With rapture was his spirit wont to burn ;
 Each night of prayer was followed in its turn
 By prayerful morrows :
 He heeded not, in his exalted life,
 The sordid cares of men, their paltry strife,
 Their sins and sorrows.

As he one Christmas-Eve his vigil kept,
 Whilst Nature 'neath her snowy mantle slept,
 He saw with wonder
 An angel standing smiling by his side,
 Whilst Heav'n to hosts seraphic opened wide
 Its gates of thunder.

In silent awe the hermit bowed his head :
 "Fear not, my son," the angel sweetly said
 In accents ringing ;

“Our Christmas carol strive to learn by heart,
And see if thou art fit to take thy part
In Heaven’s singing.”

“Glory to God !” bright hosts of seraphs sang,
“Glory to God !” the highest Heavens rang,
“To God be glory !”
“Oh, angel !” cried the hermit, growing bold,
“This can I sing, for all my life has told
The self-same story.”

The angel smiled—“And art thou then as fain
To sing the second part of Heaven’s strain ?”
In tones sonorous
The white-robed carol-singers chanted then,
“Peace on the earth, and good-will unto men !”—
So ran the chorus.

In tearful shame the hermit bowed his head :
“I cannot learn the angels’ song,” he said,
“Nor sing it duly ;
To God great glory I have ever given,
But yet to save men’s souls I have not striven,
Nor loved them truly.”

The angel answered gently, “Grieve not so !
Two things compose man’s duty here below—
Thou hast the one done ;

In this thou hast not been of grace bereft,
 Yet none the less thou shouldst not then have
 left
 The other undone.

“ Be comforted ! it is not yet too late ;
 Ne’er closed to those who knock is Heaven’s gate
 Now do thy duty—
 Love well thy fellow-creatures, and ere long
 Thine own shall be the sweet seraphic song
 In all its beauty.”

The hermit straightway left his lonely glen,
 And lived and worked amongst his fellow-men
 Like holy leaven :
 At last—the carol learnt—he ceased to roam,
 And then the angels bore him safely home
 To sing in Heaven.

“Gold and Frankincense and Myrrh.”

ONE Christmas-Day, in long-forgotten years,
 A beggar wept exceeding bitter tears ;
 For, whilst the thronging people went their way
 To God's own house to keep His holy day,
 To deck with offerings meet the Saviour's shrine,
 And praise with carols sweet the Babe divine,
 So poor was he, he could not e'en afford
 The humblest gift wherewith to greet his Lord.

As, sad at heart, the weary beggar wept,
 It chanced he fell asleep, and whilst he slept
 He dreamed there passed before his tear-dimmed eyes
 Three men in strange and Oriental guise,
 Who—guided by a bright and wondrous star—
 Had left their Eastern home and travelled far,
 And still were pressing onwards night and day
 To reach the manger where the Saviour lay.

The first—a stately man of noble mien,
 With wise and thoughtful eye and brow serene—
 Addressed the sleeper thus : “ Pure gold I bring
 To sacrifice before the new-born King.”

Then spake the second—who was young and fair :
‘ A costly gift of frankincense I bear,
Distilled from all the sweetest things on earth,
And therefore meet to grace a Monarch’s birth.”

The third—a weary traveller, worn and old—
Sighed : “ I have neither frankincense nor gold ;
To me life brings the bitter, not the sweet,
And poor indeed I go my King to meet :
I ne’er have found pure gold without alloy,
Nor yet the frankincense of love and joy ;
Still all I have I give Him, and believe
That e’en the bitter myrrh He will receive.”

An angel’s voice made answer : “ Blest are they
Who dedicate their gold to God, and pray
That He thereof will fashion crowns of light
To wreath their brows who well have fought the
fight.

Twice blest are they who bring the costly spice
Of life’s most precious gifts as sacrifice ;
For all such incense burnt before the Lord
One day a thousandfold shall be restored.

‘ Thrice blest are they who—having nought at all
To offer save the wormwood and the gall—
Lay down their sorrows ’neath their Saviour’s Feet ;
For He shall change their bitter into sweet,

His loving Hand shall wipe away their tears,
His gracious Smile dispel their doubts and fears ;
Eternal joy shall turn their night to day,
Whilst grief and sighing swiftly flee away."

The beggar wept for joy : " Ah ! now I learn,"
He cried, " that even I may come in turn
To lay my gift before the new-born King,
Whose praises all the hosts of Heaven sing :
Some give Him costly gold, and some prefer
Sweet frankincense—I nought can bring but myrrh ;
Yet God my offering will not worthless deem."
The beggar woke—and lo ! it was a dream.

The Shepherd's Search.

ONE Christmas—as over the snow-drifts deep the
silvery starlight streamed—

poor old shepherd was lying asleep, and this is the
dream he dreamed :

He thought that he heard the angel of old that glorious
carol sing—

Fear not ; for behold ! there is born this day a Babe
Which is Christ the King.”

So he started to seek the new-born Christ, on hearing
the angel's song,

And never fainted nor faltered nor failed, though
weary the way and long ;

Until he came to a beautiful city, so wondrously fair to
see,

And at “ Here,” cried the shepherd in joyful hope, “ the
Heavenly Babe must be ! ”

Then he tried to pass through the gates of brass, but
there was his progress barred,
For in front of the closely shut portals the sentinels
stood on guard :
“ Go home, thou shepherd, go home,” they cried ; “ of
a truth, thou canst surely see
Here is room for the proud and the princely, but here
is no place for thee ! ”

Then it came to pass that the wayworn man a palace
of learning found,
Where walls of marble and pillars of gold rose up from
the mossy ground
To shield from the great world's struggle and strife
the gifted, the learned, the wise ;
And the shepherd exclaimed, “ 'Tis here, methinks,
the wonderful Christ-Child lies ! ”

But never a word of welcome kind did the scholarly
scorners deign
To give to the weary old wanderer, ere they turned to
their books again :
“ Go home, thou shepherd, go home,” they said ; “ from
our presence make haste to flee ;
Here is room for the wise and the worthy, but here is
no place for thee ! ”

The shepherd sadly pursued his way till he came to a
 temple fair,
 Where priests in their vestures of purple hue were lift-
 ing their hearts in prayer—
 Where choirs in their garments of snowy white were
 raising their songs in praise :
 " Ah, here is the spot," was the traveller's cry, " where
 I on my Lord may gaze ! "

But he dared not enter that sacred fane, so gaunt did
 he feel and grim,
 And the beautiful, white-robed choristers had never a
 song for him :
 He sighed to himself, " In this temple fair, O shepherd,
 thou mayst not be—
 There is room for the pure and the perfect, but here is
 no place for thee ! "

Then on he went till at last he felt he could travel
 along no more ;
 And feeble and footsore and faint at heart he entered
 a stable door :
 Though the great and the good and the gifted would
 scorn such a humble guest,
 Yet there with the beasts of burden, perchance, the
 shepherd might take his rest.

And lo ! where the vilest might freely come, and no
man durst say them nay,
In the stable, asleep in a manger, the glorious Christ-
Child lay :
“ O welcome, thou shepherd,” the angels sang ; “ fall
low on thy bended knee—
Here is room for the’ sad and the sinful, so here is the
place for thee ! ”

In Memoriam :

AMES FRASER, LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

He has gone from us ! has gone for ever,
Far, far beyond the reach of earthly fame,
And left behind, to be forgotten never,
A name.

We mourn him, but he does not heed our sorrow,
Nor mark our hearts with grief for him opprest,
For now on him has dawned the grand to-morrow
Of rest.

That shining light was his which never paleth,
But shineth on unto the perfect day ;
That charity was his which never faileth
For aye.

He went bravely through the world his way he wended—
Life's toils and conflicts now for him are past ;
Sion's Hill the victor has ascended
At last.

Now he has joined that throng of every nation
And tribe and kindred, who have fought the fight,
And walk with Christ, their Captain of Salvation,
In white.

He cannot hear the tones of weeping mortals,
For he is welcomed by the angels' cry :
" Lift up your heads, ye everlasting portals,
On high ! "

He cannot heed our bitter lamentation,
For—bending low before the Great White Throne—
He hears the words of gracious commendation,
" Well done ! "

Ibvy.

THE trailing ivy on the earth is found,
 And closely to its humble home it clings,
 Nor by itself can ever leave the ground
 From whence it springs.

Its feeble efforts are all vainly made
 From earth and earth's to set its tendrils free,
 Until it finds a home beneath the shade
 Of some great tree.

The ivy's branches round the trunk are thrown—
 And then at last its lower life is o'er ;
 'Tis upwards raised to better things, unknown,
 Undreamed before.

The old earth-loving days are done and past—
 A new and higher life is now begun ;
 The trailing ivy wends its way at last
 Towards stars and sun.

So we to earth must cling until we find
 Our rest beneath the shadow of that Tree
 Which once was lifted up for all mankind
 On Calvary.

We fling our arms around it, and at length
Among the sons of Heaven take our place,
And by the Cross are raised from strength to strength,
From grace to grace.

It leads us upwards, far beyond the sway
Of earthly cares, beyond the toil and strife ;
In it we find the new and living Way—
The Tree of Life.

It lifts us out of darkness into light—
The light which shines, undimmed by cloud or mist,
In that Eternal City, gleaming bright
As amethyst,

Where conquering hosts beside the Crystal Sea
With swelling songs their victories recall,
And He, Who died for us upon the Tree,
Is all in all.

Harvest Hymn.

Now the year is crowned with blessing
 As we gather in the grain ;
 And, our grateful thanks expressing,
 Loud we raise a joyous strain.
 Bygone days of toil and sadness
 Cannot now our peace destroy,
 For the hills are clothed with gladness
 And the valleys shout for joy.

To the Lord their first-fruits bringing,
 All His thankful people come,
 To the Father praises singing
 For the joy of Harvest-Home.

In the Spring the smiling meadows
 Donned their robes of living green,
 As the sunshine chased the shadows
 Swiftly o'er the changing scene ;

In the Summer-time the story
Of a riper hope was told ;
Then the rich Autumnal glory
Decked the fields in cloth of gold.

To the Lord their first-fruits bringing,
All His thankful people come,
To the Father praises singing
For the joy of Harvest-Home.

Shall not we, whose hearts are swelling
With the thought of former days,
Sing a joyous song foretelling
Future gladness, fuller praise ?
For the cloud the bow retaineth
With its covenant of peace,
That, as long as earth remaineth,
Harvest-time shall never cease.

To the Lord their first-fruits bringing,
All His thankful people come,
To the Father praises singing
For the joy of Harvest-Home.

Though the fig-tree may not flourish,
Though the vine no fruit may yield,
Though the earth no flocks may nourish
In the fold or in the field,

Still our hearts will trust His Power
Who the ravens stoops to feed,
And the Hand That clothes each flower
Shall supply our utmost need.

To the Lord their first-fruits bringing,
All His thankful people come,
To the Father praises singing
For the joy of Harvest-Home.

Recessional Hymn.

FATHER Everliving,
 We declared Thy Name
 When, with glad thanksgiving,
 To Thy courts we came :
 For Thy gifts to mortals
 Still our songs we raise,
 As we pass Thy portals
 With a hymn of praise !
 Father, we adore Thee,
 And, with one accord,
 Praise Thy Name before Thee
 In Thy Temple, Lord !

For our own creation
 By Thy mighty Will ;
 For our preservation
 From surrounding ill ;
 For Thy Word, expressing
 Peace amid the strife ;
 And for every blessing
 Of our earthly life—

Father, we adore Thee,
And, with one accord,
Praise Thy Name before Thee
In Thy Temple, Lord !

For the dewy meadows
In their glory drest ;
For the evening shadows,
Bringing thoughts of rest ;
For this world of beauty,
For the days of youth ;
For the path of duty,
And the way of truth—

Father, we adore Thee,
And, with one accord,
Praise Thy Name before Thee
In Thy Temple, Lord !

For the faith which brightens
Darkness of despair ;
For the hope which lightens
Burdens hard to bear ;
For the love which fails not,
Nor can fade away ;
For the light which pales not
Till the perfect day—

Father, we adore Thee,
And, with one accord,
Praise Thy Name before Thee
In Thy Temple, Lord !

For the wondrous story
Of the blessèd Cross ;
For the hope of glory
After grief and loss ;
For the One Oblation
Of Thine Only Son ;
For the world's salvation
Which by death He won—

Father, we adore Thee,
And, with one accord,
Praise Thy Name before Thee
In Thy Temple, Lord !

For each faithful servant,
Who—while tarrying here—
With pure heart and fervent
Served the Lord in fear ;
For the hosts victorious
Who have fought the fight—
Who, serene and glorious,
Walk with Christ in white—

Father, we adore Thee,
And, with one accord,
Praise Thy Name before Thee
In Thy Temple, Lord !

These Thy mercies tender
Teach us, Lord, to see
That we may surrender
Lips and lives to Thee ;
To Thy service giving
All that we are worth—
To Thy glory living
All our days on earth.

Father, we adore Thee,
And, with one accord,
Praise Thy Name before Thee
In Thy Temple, Lord !

Sunshine and Shadow.

ONE sunny day, as on my way I went,
 And stooped to pluck the flowers I loved so well,
 I saw that on each bloom o'er which I bent,
 My shadow fell ;
 But when my wandering glances left the ground
 And travelled sunwards up the shafts of light,
 The shadow fell behind me, and I found
 That all was bright.

So when, with earthward gaze, we set our minds
 On flowers beside life's pathway blooming fair,
 Whoever stoops to seize their beauties finds
 A shadow there ;
 But if, with eyes uplifted, we are wont
 To scan the heavenward stair the angels trod,
 Behind us is the shadow, and in front
 The light of God.

A Plea for Zenana Missions.

AT Bethany once, in the chamber of sorrow,
 A heart-broken woman sat mourning her dead ;
 No promise had she of a brighter to-morrow,
 No hope on her pathway its radiance shed.
 But suddenly light did her senses bewilder !
 Her sister caused all the dense darkness to flee
 By murmuring softly the message which thrilled her :
 “ The Master is come, and He calleth for thee ! ”

Both sisters were loved by the Lord ; and the elder
 Had gone forth to meet Him that sorrowful day,
 And, learned from His Lips, while His Presence up-
 held her,
 That He was the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.
 Such wonderful knowledge she dared not be hiding—
 She felt that her sister this brightness must see—
 So whispered to her in the shadow abiding :
 “ The Master is come, and He calleth for thee ! ”

We, too, have a sister, who sits in the shadow,
 And never has heard of the Father above ;
 But He, Who forgets not the flowers of the meadow,
 Is yearning for her in the might of His Love.

When counting the flocks in the fold He has missed
her,

And bids us, "If ye My disciples would be,
Go forth in My Name and declare to your sister :
'The Master is come, and He calleth for thee !' "

With us, who are saved by His perfect Salvation,
The Saviour is pleading the cause of the lost,
And charging us now—by His own Incarnation—
By all that He purchased—by all that it cost—
By all that He felt when the Temple was shaken—
By all that He suffered on Calvary's Tree—
To say unto her, who awhile seemed forsaken :
"The Master is come, and He calleth for thee ! "

Spring-Time.

THE Spring has come smiling o'er hill and dale
 With the smile she has worn for a thousand
 years ;
 She has spread her green carpet across the vale,
 And melted the snowdrifts in happy tears.
 Shy April has laughed through her well-known
 showers,
 And May with a bountiful hand has flung
 Over mountain and meadow the same sweet flowers
 That gladdened the Spring-time when we were
 young.

There is nothing new in the cuckoo's strain,
 As he utters his often-repeated cry ;
 And the hawthorn is blooming along the lane
 As it bloomed in each Spring of the years gone
 by ;
 The cowslips are ringing their silent bells
 To the tune that for ages their chimes have rung ;
 And the sunbeams are weaving the golden spells
 They wove in the Spring-time when we were
 young.

If Spring is the type of the life to come

Then Heaven will be neither new nor strange,
But like the return to a dear old home

In the land that is far from the fear of change :
Well-known and beloved will its pleasures seem,

Familiar the song by the angels sung,
For 'twill be the fulfilment of every dream

We dreamed in the Spring-time when we were
young.

Wings.

THE branch by wind is stirred,
 And yet thereon the bird
 His carol sings :
 What though the tree be tall ?—
 He feels he cannot fall
 For he has wings.

I find no place of rest,
 Yet I am not opprest
 By earthly things ;
 Nought is abiding here,
 But wherefore should I fear ?—
 I too have wings.

Ebening Shadows.

EVENTIDE must come at last
On the longest June day,
When the afternoon has passed
With the glorious noonday,
And the night with outstretched hand
Flings the shadows o'er the land.

Yet we will not sadness see
In the shadows' warning :
Long and lingering they may be,
But they point to morning—
To the East where dawning light
Shall disperse the darkest night.

Night.

PAST are daylight's sunny hours,
 Night her silent watch doth keep ;
 All the birds and all the flowers
 Are asleep.

Morning clouds with silver lining
 But too quickly passed us by ;
 Now Night's changeless orbs are shining
 In the sky.

Noontide made the sunshine surer,
 And the heavens of azure hue ;
 Now the sky is of a purer,
 Richer blue.

Afternoon stretched calm before us,
 None its waning light could mark ;
 But a deeper peace is o'er us
 In the dark.

Sunset told a glowing story
With its gold and crimson bars ;
But there is a higher glory
In the stars.

So beyond Life's sunny hours
We shall reach a fairer height,
When to us the birds and flowers
Say *Good-night*.

Happiness.

To know through all Earth's changes that Life must
conquer Death—

Which is perfect Faith :

To trust that we are gaining those joys for which we
grobe—

Which is steadfast Hope :

To love our fellow creatures as we beloved would be—

Which is Charity :

To have these three abiding our daily lives to bless—

Which is Happiness.

Spring Song.

WINTER hath fled away,
 Darkness hath sped away,
 Spring cometh now our old grief to destroy :
 After the sleeping-time,
 After the weeping-time,
 Dawneth the morning of gladness and joy.

Winter trode wearily,
 Winter sighed drearily,
 Binding the earth with his ice and his snow:
 Spring steppeth fearlessly,
 Spring smileth peerlessly,
 Whilst at her bidding the rivulets flow.

Little birds sing again,
 Sweet flowers spring again,
 Sunbeams are chasing the shadows away :
 Past is the olden time,
 And a new golden time
 Comes with the dawn of a happier day.

Over plains meadowy,
 Through woodlands shadowy,
 Breezes are breathing the blessings of Spring ;

West winds from prairie-land
 Change earth to fairy-land,
 Making her glad with the beauty they bring.

This shall cease nevermore :—
 There shall be evermore
 Spring after Winter, and smile after frown ;
 After night's fearfulness,
 Morning-light's cheerfulness ;
 After the conflict, the conqueror's crown ;

After regretfulness,
 Happy forgetfulness ;
 After Death's *Nay*, God's immutable *Yea* ;
 After strife, sevenfold
 Peace in the Heaven-fold ;
 After earth's darkness, eternity's day.

“Auf Wiederseh’n.”

THE Spring departs with all the buds that kiss her,
 And all the birds that follow in her train ;
 But leaves behind a word for those who miss her—
Auf wiederseh’n !

Too soon the Summer drops her flowery sceptre,
 Too quickly ends the gladness of her reign ;
 But she has said to us who fain had kept her—
Auf wiederseh’n !

The Autumn—having gilded all the meadows
 And clothed the laughing hills with golden grain—
 Fades whilst she whispers through the darkening
 shadows—
Auf wiederseh’n !

The Winter breaks through all her icy fetters :
 But first she traces on the window-pane
 This legend crystallized in frozen letters—
Auf wiederseh’n !

The sun concludes his race in clouds of glory ;
 But ere he sinks to rest beneath the main
 He lingers to repeat the same old story—
Auf wiederseh’n !

The blossoms' happy day is quickly over,
And then they fall in sweetly scented rain ;
Yet write upon the ground their snow-drifts cover—
Auf wiederseh'n !

The swallows find it in their hearts to leave us,
To seek for Summer on a sunnier plain ;
But twitter—lest their flight, perchance, should grieve
us—
Auf wiederseh'n !

Thus Nature teaches us her simple chorus,
That—while our hearts are racked with parting
pain—
We too may cry to those who go before us—
Auf wiederseh'n !

Until at last the messenger shall find us
And bid us, ere we learn the angels' strain,
Say in our turn to those we leave behind us—
Auf wiederseh'n !

Loss and Gain.

I SORROWED that the golden day was dead,
 Its light no more the country side adorning ;
 But whilst I grieved, behold !—the East grew red
 With morning.

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go,
 And doff the wreaths that did so well become
 her ;
 But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo !—
 'Twas Summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
 By burning skies that scorched my early posies ;
 But whilst for these I pined my hands were filled
 With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed
nearer ;

But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given ;
Until at last we find this earth exchanged
For Heaven.

Purple and Gold.

THE golden corn and the purple heather
 In royal state did the land enfold ;
 And the children laughed in the sunny weather,
 And clapped their hands at the purple and gold.

One short month passed, and brought with it the sadness
 Of Autumn winds and of Autumn rain,
 And though still the children laughed in their gladness,
 They looked for the purple and gold in vain.

I wondered whether their hearts were tender
 And sad that such beauty had passed away,
 So I asked them what had become of the splendour
 That crowned the country the other day.

They smiled at my ignorance all unaided,
 And told me a secret I ought to know—
 How the purple and gold were not lost nor faded,
 But every year were obliged to go ;

For the purple and gold of the Summers olden
 Were used to build, as the angels list,
 A City on high, where the streets are golden,
 And the walls are glowing with amethyst.

As I heard the children's quaint little story,
Methought that it brought a message to all,
For we all are sighing for faded glory,
And longing for pleasures beyond recall.

But the children should teach us to cease our sighing,
And let our lives with fresh hopes be crowned ;
There are no such things as *losing* and *dying*,
For the dead are alive, and the lost are found.

The joys that we mourn in such deep dejection
Were carried away by an angel hand,
To make more fair in their full perfection
Our mansions prepared in the far-off land.

We shall find them again, all those treasures olden—
Not one shall be wanting, not one be missed—
In a City on high, where the streets are golden,
And the walls are glowing with amethyst.

The Streamlet.

(From the German.)

STREAM, flow on evermore,
 Stop or stay nevermore,
 Shining like silver where'er thou art found ;
 Whilst I stand pondering
 On thy bank, wondering
 Whence thou art come and whereto thou art bound.

“ Out of the gravity
 Of the rock's cavity
 Sprang I to life ; and now gaily I rove,
 Through woodland greenery,
 Past sunlit scenery,
 While the blue heavens are smiling above.

“ On I go heedlessly ;
 Take no thought needlessly
 As to what waits for me whither I flow :
 He, Who from shadow-land
 Called me to meadow-land,
 Surely will guide me wherever I go.”

A Song of Autumn.

(From the German.)

THE leaves that are faded are silently falling
 From branches forsaken by every bird ;
 The stillness that reigns in the woods is appalling—
 No more in the forest sweet songsters are heard ;
 No more are they cheering our hearts with their
 singing,
 No more is the thicket with melody ringing,
 The earth is as silent and still as a grave ;
 Whilst they, the sweet songsters, are rapidly winging,
 Are winging their way over mountain and wave.

The frosts every morning grow stronger and
 stronger ;
 The roads are forsaken, deserted the ways ;
 The nights, dark and dreary, grow longer and
 longer,
 And shorter and shorter the dull Autumn days ;
 And whilst through bare branches the sad winds are
 sighing,
 The sweet-throated song-birds are steadily flying,
 Are flying away to a far distant land ;

Whilst here in the Autumn all Nature seems dying,
They seek for the Spring on a sunnier strand.

When leaves that are faded are silently falling
From woods which in Spring-time with song-birds
were glad,

When reigns in the forest a silence appalling,
Thy heart should not sorrow though Nature be
sad :

Thy way through life's vale be thou cheerily wending,
Thy steps towards a better and brighter land tending,
And thou shalt find peace which can ne'er pass
away ;

For thee there shall blossom a Spring-time un-
ending,
A Spring that can know neither death nor decay.

A Winter Song.

(From the German.)

How calmly dost thou lie
 In white-robed purity,
 Thou sleeping Earth !
 Where are the songs of Spring—
 Where Summer's painted wing,
 And all her mirth ?

No blossoms wreath thy brow—
 Thy hills and valleys now
 Are bleak and bare ;
 The little birds are dumb,
 The bees no longer hum,
 Yet thou art fair !

Thy boughs and branches shine
 With radiance divine,
 So pure and bright.
 Who hath prepared thy bed,
 And decked thy sleeping head
 With crowns of light ?

The Father from above
Thy snowy vesture wove :
 The weary He
Into His rest doth take,
Until He bids them wake
 To ecstasy.

Soon at the Spring-time's birth
Thou shalt arise, O Earth !
 With strengthened powers ;
The Father's sunlight shed
On thee, shall wreath thy head
 Again with flowers.

Found.

(From the German.)

IN the wood I wandered
 Listening to the breeze ;
 Many things I pondered
 Underneath the trees.

There I saw a flower
 Growing in the shade,
 Gladdening a bower
 In the forest glade ;

Rivalling in lightness
 Stars in Summer skies,
 Or the dewy brightness
 Of a maiden's eyes.

Said I, " Sweetest flower,
 Thou shalt come to me ;
 Happy was the hour
 When I chanced on thee ! "

Then it cried, " Why take me
 From the forest glade ?
 Prythee do not break me
 But to let me fade."

O'er it long I tarried,
Moved its roots with care,
And I safely carried
Home that blossom fair.

Then my flower I planted
In a quiet place,
Gave it all it wanted,
Watched it grow in grace :

Now it is a treasure
More to me than gold,
And beyond all measure
Fairer than of old.

The Women of Weinsberg.

(From the German.)

THE army of King Conrad, the Hohenstaufen, lay
Before the gates of Weinsberg for many a weary day:
The citizens were conquer'd, yet their arms they laid
not down,
But still defended to the last their noble native town.

But hunger overcame them—no more they held their
ground :

In vain they sought for mercy—no mercy then they
found :

Quoth Conrad, " Many soldiers brave have here been
slain by you ;

If once you open wide your gates my sword shall
pierce you through ! "

The women then petitioned : " If what thou say'st must
be,

Oh ! let us leave the town unharmed, for innocent are
we."

When Conrad heard their pleading cry his anger did
depart,

And pity for their helplessness o'erflowed his manly
heart.

“The women may depart,” he said, “and each may
take from here
As much as she can carry of the things she counts
most dear ;
So they their choicest treasures unharmed shall bear
away—
To this King Conrad signs his name and sets his seal
this day.”

When the early, early morning was dawning fair and
bright,
The Hohenstaufen’s army saw a strange and wondrous
sight ;—
The city-gates were opened wide, and forth from every
street
Came crowds of starving women with slow and tott’ring
feet.

But when they saw their burdens the soldiers all looked
black,
For each one bore her husband right bravely on her
back.
“Down with their choicest treasures!” was now the
angry cry,
“These women have outwitted us and they shall surely
die !”

But when King Conrad saw them, a loud, loud laugh
laughed he :

“Right well the Weinsberg women have now out-
witted me !

I cannot break my promise, for well I understand
That a Monarch’s word is sacred in the German
Fatherland.”

Thus Conrad kept his promise, as the ancient legends
tell :

In the year eleven-hundred-and-forty it befell ;
So in those distant ages men had learnt the lesson
grand,

That a Monarch’s word is sacred in the German
Fatherland.

Golden Daffodils.

THE Winter days at last are o'er,
 And hungry little birds no more
 Come tamely begging to the door
 And on the window-sills ;
 Sweet songsters chirp on every spray,
 The fields are bright with lambs at play,
 And all the sombre woods are gay
 With golden daffodils.

They deck the meads with cloth of gold,
 They make sweet sunshine o'er the wold,
 They dance with joy and glee untold
 To music of the rills ;
 They chase away old Winter's frown,
 Spring's coming publish up and down,
 And *Queen* proclaim her with a crown
 Of golden daffodils.

They are not regal like the rose
 Which in my lady's garden grows,
 Nor fragrant like the thyme which blows
 Upon the sun-kissed hills ;

No daisy's secret can they tell,
 Nor cast the poppy's soothing spell,
 But yet, methinks, I love them well—
 These golden daffodils.

What though they be not wondrous fair,
 Nor boast a beauty past compare,
 Nor yield a perfume rich and rare
 Which nigh with sweetness kills ?
 They bring a smile to earth's worn face,
 And make her gladsome with their grace,
 E'en though they be but commonplace—
 My golden daffodils.

I never ask, with vain regret,
 Why they are not like mignonette,
 Or like the blue-eyed violet
 Whose scent my senses thrills :
 Why let such thoughts my pleasure mar
 Or cast across my joy a bar ?
 I love them just for what they are—
 My golden daffodils.

To me each flower a message brings,
 That from the smallest, simplest things
 A world of joy and pleasure springs,
 And hearts with gladness fills,

If we will but remember this—
To value each for what it is,
And not expect too rare a bliss
 From golden daffodils.

Still one more lesson do they teach :
Should great things lie beyond our reach,
It falls within the lot of each
 Who duty's claim fulfils—
Unhelped by special charm or grace—
To make, for just a little space,
“ A sunshine in a shady place,”
 Like golden daffodils.

Lent-Lilies.

GAY Lent-lilies, that are twinkling
 Starlike in the springing grass,
 How we love to see you sprinkling
 All the meadows as we pass !
 Gladly ye foretell the story
 Of the happy days to come,
 With their spell of Summer glory
 And their peace of Harvest-Home.

Poor Lent-lilies, that are gleaming
 In your diadems of dew,
 Know ye not that ye are dreaming
 Of delights not meant for you ?
 Ere the Summer brings her pleasures—
 Ere the sombre woods are gay—
 Ere the Autumn flings her treasures—
 Ye will all have passed away.

Sweet Lent-lilies, do not sorrow,
 For, perchance, 'tis better so :
 Disillusions of the morrow
 Ye for ever shall forego.

We in Summer heat may languish,
And by Autumn winds be chilled—
Ye can never know the anguish
Of a cherished hope fulfilled.

Rich Lent-lilies, that are wasting
Gold upon the lonely lea,
Grudge us not our bitter tasting
Of the fatal knowledge-tree.
Summer's sweets may cloy to loathing—
Autumn's wealth its cares may bring ;
Blest are ye, whose fate holds nothing
But the joyful hope of Spring !

When ?

WHEN did I hear thee call me from life's feast
 To walk instead the narrow way of truth ?—
 When did I know thee best and heed thee least ?—
 Perchance in Youth.

When shall I trace thy teaching to its end,
 And find that on my fate's close-written page
 The sweetest lines are those that thou hast penned ?—
 Perchance in Age.

When shall I cease to miss thee from my side,
 To yearn for thee with every passing breath,
 To pray for thee at morn and eventide ?—
 Perchance in Death.

When shall I meet thee once again to tell
 How thou hast been my life's upraising leaven,
 To answer to thy questions—" All is well " ?—
 Perchance in Heaven.

Thou and I.

TELL me, Sweetheart, can I ever forget thee,
 Ever regret I have worshipped thee so,
 Ever can cease to rejoice that I met thee,
 Met thee and loved thee a long time ago?

Happy the days that we twain spent together—
 Days unforgotten for ever by me;
 Happy in stormy and sunshiny weather
 Simply because they were brightened by thee.

Darling, without thee the day is so dreary!
 Dreaming of thee is my only delight:
 Sweetheart, without thee the way is so weary—
 Starless as cloudland and sunless as night!

Shall I e'er love thee less fondly than now, Dear?
 Tell me if e'er my devotion can die!—
 Never until thou shalt cease to be thou, Dear,
 Never until I no longer am I.

An Autumn Song.

SWEETHEART, the Autumn days are dark and dreary,
 The wind is wildly wailing o'er the wold,
 The year and I are growing worn and weary,
 And all the world is desolate and cold.

It seems not long since thou and I together
 Made merry with our mirth the sunny day,
 But thou didst leave me with the Summer weather,
 And now art far away, so far away!

The Spring-time will return with all her treasures,
 The Summer with her glory and her glow;
 But can they bring again the bygone pleasures?—
 I do not know, Sweetheart, I do not know.

Once more the garden may be bright with posies;
 But will they be to me as sweet and gay
 As lilies that are dead, and faded roses?—
 I dare not say, Sweetheart, I dare not say.

New friends will meet me and will greet me kindly ;
But shall I learn to love them half as well
As thee whom I have loved so long and blindly?—
I cannot tell, Sweetheart, I cannot tell.

Instead.

WE pluck a rose that sweetly blows ;
 And when its petals frail are shed,
 We quickly find another rose
 Instead.

We revel in the joys of Spring ;
 And when its happy hours have sped,
 Another year fresh flowers will bring
 Instead.

We love a peaceful Summer morn ;
 And when its dewy charms have fled,
 Another rosy day is born
 Instead.

But were I parted, Dear, from thee,
 And down some distant pathway led,
 No other friend would do for me
 Instead.

No other voice would sound the same—
 No other foot so softly tread—
 No music thrill another name
 Instead.

I need thee, Love, in peace or strife :
For till Time's latest page be read,
No other smile could light my life
Instead ;

And even in that happier place,
Where pain is past and sorrow dead,
I could not love an angel's face
Instead.

Lobe's Portion.

"SWEETHEART," he cried
 With joyous pride,
 "New hopes I am come to bring ;
 With sunny hours
 And sweetest flowers
 To wake all thy world to Spring !"
 In accents low
 She answered, "Go,
 'Mongst others to scatter free
 Thy gayest wiles,
 Thy gladdest smiles—
 But keep all thy tears for me."

"Sweetheart," he cried,
 "Away I ride ;
 And therefore I bid thee take
 A curly tress,
 Which thou shalt bless
 And save as my own keepsake !"
 In accents low
 She answered "No ;
 I take not a gift from thee :

Let others hold
Thy curls of gold—
But keep the grey hairs for me.”

“Sweetheart,” he cried,
“The flowing tide
Of Fortune allures me on,
To breast its wave,
Its storms to brave,
Ere youth with its strength is gone!”
She answered low,
“The tide shall flow
And carry thy ships to sea :
Let others greet
Thy conquering fleet—
But keep all the wrecks for me.”

“Sweetheart,” he cried,
“The world is wide,
And morning has just begun ;
With thee all day
I’ll work and pray,
From dawn till the set of sun !”
In accents low
She answered, “So,
Dear Love, it can never be :
Let others share
Thy morning prayer—
At evensong wait for me.”

“Sweetheart,” he cried,
“If side by side
We joyfully speed along,
Through toil and strife,
Our psalm of life
Shall echo the angels’ song !”
In accents low
She said, “I trow,
Divinely attuned are we :
With others raise
Thy hymns of praise—
Thy requiems chant with me.”

“Sweetheart,” he cried,
“With thee for guide
I feel that the world is mine :
With head and hand
I’ll rule the land,
And count all my triumphs thine !”
In accents low
She said, “I know
That I thy success shall see :
To others’ gain
Give hand and brain—
But keep all thy heart for me.”

The Longest Day.

THE Summer's story
Has reached its glory,
Fulfilling all the sweet dreams of May ;
The daylight lingers,
With rosy fingers
Defying night on the longest day.

Yet I remember
No dark December
When sunbeams seemed to elude delay
Like those which measure
The hours of pleasure
I spend with you on the longest day.

With you beside me
To cheer and guide me,
I feel—whatever the sages say—
That evening shadows
Across the meadows
Come all too soon on the longest day.

If we together
Face sunny weather,
And love each other when skies are grey—

Life's span shall be, Dear,
To you and me, Dear,
As short and sweet as the longest day.

And, Dearest, after
The tears and laughter
Are all forgotten and passed away,
We two for ever,
Where night falls never,
Will spend together the longest day.

A Plaything.

A BABY mistook a bright gem for a plaything,
 And laughed when it sparkled blue, purple, and red ;
 The owner discovered and rescued the gay thing,
 And gave the small culprit some trifle instead.
 The child then continued his pastime undaunted—
 A gem was no more than a bat or a ball ;
 As something to play with was all that he wanted,
 The worth of the toy did not matter at all.

A similar accident happened to me, Dear :
 I gave you the love that my heart counted best.
 Its merits at first you were happy to see, Dear,
 Though what was its value you knew not, nor guessed.
 As long as it pleased you the treasure you vaunted,
 Then handled it lightly, and so let it fall :
 As something to play with was all that you wanted,
 The worth of the toy did not matter at all.

I took from you therefore my deepest devotion,
So fond and forgiving, so tender and true ;
And gave you instead a less perfect emotion,
More selfish and shallow—more suited to you.
By neither regret nor remorse are you haunted,
Though love that you prized not is gone past recall :
As something to play with was all that you wanted,
The worth of the toy did not matter at all.

In July.

SUNSHINE dallies
 In the valleys,
 Laughing hills in beauty vie ;
 Yet a sadness
 Taints the gladness
 Which is reigning in July.

In her zenith
 Summer weeneth
 That her day is passing by ;
 Time, the Reaper,
 Will not keep her
 Scatheless after warm July.

As we stand, Dear,
 Hand in hand, Dear,
 Who so light of heart as I,
 Since you told me
 That you hold me
 Sweet as lilies in July ?

Yet I know, Love,
 You will go, Love,
 When the swallows southward fly :

Like the roses
And the posies
You will vanish with July.

Future history
Is a mystery,
But the past can change defy ;
In November
I'll remember
How you loved me in July.

While I'm mortal
My heart's portal
All new-comers shall deny ;
And I'll trace it
With, "*Hic jacet*
One sweet memory of July."

Pot-Pourri.

WHY do I count as so dear (you ask)

 This old-fashioned jar, which is but the tomb
Of flowers that once in the sun could bask,

 And now with their fragrance can make my room
As sweet as the cedar-ceiled halls of Jewry ?
'Tis only a handful of old pot-pourri.

Roses once gathered by vanished hands,

 Cowslips that blossomed in bygone Springs,
Lilies that flourished in far-off lands,

 Violets sweet with remembered things,
And dark as the eyes of an Eastern houri—
All these you will find in my old pot-pourri.

Doomed in the day of their youth to die,

 Cruelly soon was their Spring-time done :
Now triumphantly they can defy

 Whirlwinds of Winter and Summer's sun.
Time with his changes and Death with his fury,
Steal none of the sweetness from old pot-pourri.

Roses are blooming as fresh to-day,
Lilies as fair in my garden grow ;
And you wonder which are the sweeter—they
Or the flowers that withered so long ago ?
If me you appoint as your judge and jury
I will give the verdict for old pot-pourri.

Which.

Do I love you?
 Can I prove you
 More than all the world to me?
 So you wonder,
 And I ponder
 What my true reply must be.

For of you, Dear,
 There are two, Dear :
 One—a thing of common delf ;
 One—a treasure
 Past all measure :
 Which—I ask you—is yourself?

None is nearer,
 Closer, dearer,
 Than (to me) your better part :
 I will perish
 Ere I cherish
 Its companion in my heart.

If the delf, Love,
Is yourself, Love,
And the other fancy-born—
You have grieved me
And deceived me
Till I loathe you in my scorn.

If the real
And ideal
Are in truth the very same—
I adore you,
Kneel before you,
Find life's music in your name.

If I prize you
Or despise you,
I can never tell you true
Till you show, Dear,
And I know, Dear,
Which of these is really you.

Now as Then.

ONCE upon a time (say folk)
 When the roads were in a muddle,
 Walter Raleigh laid his cloak
 Right across the largest puddle,

Crying—"Madam, now you dare
 Rain or mud or dust defy—shod
 With your subject's loving care!"
 So the queen passed over dryshod.

Though his raiment fine was soiled
 Raleigh did not mind a feather ;
 For *his* velvet was well spoiled
 In defending *her* shoe-leather.

Gorgeous mantles decorate
 Now no more the sons of Adam ;
 Puddles do not devastate
 Modern roadways of Macadam :

But though garments change their name,
 And though forms and fashions alter,
 Thoughts and feelings are the same
 As they were to good Sir Walter.

So—my Dearest—I will strain
All I am and have and swear by,
For the chance that you may gain
Just a moment's pleasure thereby ;

I will spoil my robes of state,
Sacrifice my silks and laces,
If they may but separate
Your small shoes from miry places ;

I will strew my best till death
On your path across life's valley :
You—my Queen Elizabeth !
I—your faithful Walter Raleigh !

“A Blank, My Lord.”

“WE met (like others) in a crowd”—

A very unromantic meeting !

Yet fate to us has ne’er allowed

A warmer greeting.

For you were poor, you will allow,

And I was not, that bright September

When first we met. (I wonder now

If you remember.)

In fashion’s chains you saw me led,

And so it never struck you clearly

That it could come into my head

To love you dearly.

’Twas not your fault, I must admit :

You simply worshipped from a distance,

And I could take no note of it

Without assistance.

And thus we drifted far apart,
Not bound by e'en the frailest fetter ;
Yet yours completely was my heart
For worse or better.

So owing to your fatal pride,
And owing to my foolish shyness,
The love, you never knew of, died
For ever.

FINIS.

A “Maiden Meditation.”

ARE you really what ideally
 I adore,
 That you hold me and enfold me
 Evermore ?
 I don't think so : yet I wink so
 At your faults,
 That I merely notice clearly
 What exalts.
 If each virtue should desert you,
 You would find
 Me as tender a defender,
 And as kind.
 You know nothing of the loathing
 Deep and true
 That I measure to each pleasure
 Without you,
 Which is mirthless, and as worthless
 Me to please
 As ash-flavoured, Sodom-savoured
 Apple-trees.
 In a small room, or a ball-room—
 When I'm drest
 In my new gauze and my gew-gaws
 Like the rest—

For you sighing, I am crying,
 "Vanitas
 Vanitatum!—how I hate 'em
 All, alas!"

Dare I bravely tell you gravely
 That you bring
 To my sadness all the gladness
 Of the Spring—
 That as cheering to my hearing
 Are your words,
 As the mighty, sweet *Venite*
 Of the birds?

Shall I mention the intention
 On my part,
 Just to learn 'em (in æternum)
 All by heart?

Shall I show you that I know you
 Well may use
 That speech spicy—"Veni, vici!"—
 If you choose?

(For you straightway through the gateway
 Of my soul
 Once did enter to be centre
 Of the whole.)

How you grieve me, when you leave me,
 Dare I say?
 No, for certain. Drop the curtain
 On the play.

In Coldest England.

IN General Booth's great treatise on the gloom
 Which English people plunge their submerged
 sinners in,
 He says the Poor should have a nice warm room
 To eat their dinners in.

Oh, that another prophet would appear
 Who—with a duly philanthropic flourish—meant
 To grant the Wealthy a mild atmosphere
 For taking nourishment !

For at the merry-makings of the Rich—
 (As half their martyred visitors can verify)—
 They are exposed to winds of Heaven, which
 The strongest terrify.

Through open windows round the festive board
 Catarrh and Influenza ride victorious,
 While (louder than at sea he ever roared)
 Sings rude old Boreas.

The Poor inclement weather cannot bear
 Because their scanty clothes are worn to filaments ;

But, at their revellings, the Wealthy wear
As slight habiliments.

Oh, that a modern prophet might arise,
Who—having warmed and cared for the De-
mocracy—
Would strive to shelter from the stormy skies
The Aristocracy ;

Who—like a true-born hero—would not mind
A fashionable charge of incivility,
If only he could come “ betwixt the wind
And their nobility ! ”

Among the Roses.

LONG ago in Love's old garden,
 Where no frosts the dew-drops harden
 And the South wind ever blows,
 Two brave Knights of kingly bearing
 Set their hearts upon the wearing
 Both of one especial Rose.

Quoth the first Knight, "Rose of roses,
 You are Queen of all the posies
 That this garden-plot adorn :
 I should die of your rejection,
 For in you I find perfection,
 Lovely rose without a thorn !"

Quoth the second Knight, "Sweet flower,
 Let me take you to my bower,
 For I love you, thorns and all :
 From your briars I would remove you,
 And would train you and improve you,
 If to me your charms should fall !"

Then the Rose addressed the Second
 (As the First she hardly reckoned
 Worthy of a wise reply) :

“ Much, Sir Knight, you have to proffer,
And I must regard your offer
As a compliment most high :

“ I should be—with you beside me
To correct and guard and guide me—
Quite the rarest flower that grows.
You shall have the Rose’s blessing,
All her grateful thanks expressing ;
And your friend shall have—*the Rose.*”

An Old Love.

OH ! I was so young and he was so old,
When we met in the Spring of a bygone year ;
And he seemed so stately, and stern, and cold,
That he filled my soul with a childish fear.

But I learned to know him so well, so well—
Far better than any I'd ever known ;
So much to me then did he deign to tell
That his inmost secrets became my own.

So I set to work for his only sake,
And found he was always to me the same.
I was careless and crude, yet he never spake
One word of reproof, or of scorn, or blame.

The charms of the world were beneath his ken,
And he cared not a tittle for sordid pelf ;
But he taught me to study my fellow-men,
And (which was still better) to know myself.

Forsaken he stood by the rushing stream
Of Life, with its eddies of joy and pain ;
For his day was done—and he did not dream
He could ever be sorry or glad again.

But to me he opened fresh fields of thought,
Regaling my spirit from Wisdom's store :
Surprising and strange were the truths he taught,
Undreamed of, unguessed at, by me before.

We have parted—but still I am glad we met :
He has passed away far out of my reach :
But never—no never—can I forget
The wonderful lessons he used to teach.

Never a sigh did he squander on me,
Nor stoop to take note of my girlish whim ;
Yet all my life through I shall surely be
Wiser and better for meeting with him.

Much did he teach me—so came it to pass,
Gratefully now I remember it all :
I was a girl at an " Ambulance Class "—
He was a skeleton hung on the wall.

A Dream of Acrostics.

NOT long ago, when wrapped in "balmy sleep,"
 Methought I chanced to meet a pallid throng,
 With figures writhing under anguish deep
 And faces long.

Their tangled hair was grey, "but not with years."
 They wandered wearily like homeless wights,
 Their heavy eyes were red, though not with tears,
 But sleepless nights.

"Poor souls!" I cried, "What mean these sobbing
 sighs—
 This Fourteenth-century excess of woe—
 This early English anguish in your eyes—
 These gestures slow?"

"These attitudes of mediæval fondness—
 These minds immersed in bitterness of gall—
 This Botticellian yearning for beyondness—
 What means it all?"

And then made answer that despairing band:—
 "To cure our ills in vain we call physicians;
 Our utter anguish none can understand
 But acrosticians.

" *Special acrostics*, by all solvers feared,
 With Lights made dark by most obscure quotations,
 Have been the awful cause of all our weird
 Hallucinations.

" We've studied volumes of poetic might,
Wittier than *Whittier*—*gayer* e'en than *Gay*;
 Our heads are *hoary* grown with reading *White*
 And Thomas *Gray*.

" Tennyson's *Idylls* we have *idled* o'er,
 With heavy heads and eyelids hot and burning,
 Till the "Round Table" spun behind before
 Like *table-turning*.

" We're prematurely *old* with reading *Young*;
 We've *pick'd* the choicest lines of Walter *Scott's*;
 And learnt the *how* and *why* of him who sung
 As Doctor *Watts*.

" We've pondered *Goldsmith's* writings, gay and sad,
 Until our heads are *silvered* o'er with cares;
 And Cowper's poems till we are as mad
 As Cowper's hares.

" We've studied long (as if for hard Exams.)
 All Wordsworth's simple rhymes on bleating flocks,
 And long to massacre his "mountain lambs"
 And "weathercocks."

“ We’ve pored o’er *Akenside* with *aching head* ;
Digested *Lamb* and *Hogg* with Thomson’s *Seasons* ;
And *Odes* by other *odious* poets read
For divers reasons.

“ We quite detest the poets of to-day,
And shrink with loathing from the bards of yore
Who wrote, and after died—(Why couldn’t they
Have died *before* ?)

“ We’re quite *Rome-antic* grown with reading *Pope* ;
Dean *Swift* we find abominably *slow*.
Alas ! there’s not a single ray of hope
In all our woe :

“ For each must ‘ dree his weird ’ his weary self,
Because there ever dangles ’fore our eyes
That Jack-’o-lantern made of gilded pelf—
The quarter’s prize !”

“ Poor souls ! ” I cried with spirit-melting ruth,
“ Oh, cease this fleshly, earthly strife for gold !
Because it makes you look (to tell the truth)
So ill and old.

“ Oh ! turn your thoughts from these acrostic prizes
To other pleasing and instructive facts—
As rosy cloudlets when Apollo rises—
Or temperance tracts—

“ Or blossoms lying in the lap of Spring—
Or Summer bonnets sweet in shape and tint—
Or silver-throated song-birds on the wing—
Or peppermint ! ”

I ceased :—when lo ! th’ acrostic-solving flame
Was kindled in my bosom fierce and hot ;
“ The curse had come upon me,” like the Dame
Of fair Shalott :

Acrostics seemed to lead to wealth untold—
All else did vanity and ashes seem ;
When suddenly I wakened—and behold !
It was a dream ! ”

To King Baby.

YOU are quite a little king !
 And there's not a single thing—
 Not an action with its consequence and sequel—
 Done by mighty kings of old,
 As the history-books have told,
 Wherein you are not undoubtedly their equal.

You can smile your princely smile,
 Though my foolish heart the while
 With anxiety is torn across the middle :
 Thus did Nero sit at home,
 While the flames were sacking Rome,
 And performed an obligato on the fiddle.

You can end my brightest day
 When you take yourself away,
 You despotic Czar, you scorner of the serf, you !
 So the conquering William's hand
 Brought the night across the land
 By the ringing of that evening-bell, the curfew.

You can make me lose my head
 In an agony of dread,
 When you leave me for a moment in vexation :

So the Eighth of Henry's name,
When he found a friend to blame,
Would allow of nothing but decapitation.

You are fond of your own way
As was Cromwell in the day
That he clipped his people's flowing locks like
pollards :
You are easy to provoke
As was Henry Bolingbroke
When he took to lighting fires with all the Lollards.

Alexander in his pride
Not more regally defied
Every foe than you can silence an offender :
And you can forget your friends
When they cease to serve your ends
As completely as that prince, the Young Pretender.

Yet your praises will I sing,
And will cry, " Long live the King !"
And will faithfully obey your least suggestion ;
For (if all the truth be told)
You are barely two years old,
Whilst I am—but that is quite another question.

A Fantasy.

ONCE on a time—(we know we can't offend
 By this commencement any who are listening)—
 The fairies all were bidden to attend
 A baby's christening.

By one of those sad accidents, which grieve
 The houses of best-ordered regulation,
 A cross old witch omitted to receive
 An invitation.

Fairy the First remarked—"The infant's soul
 Shall have a habitation fair to dwell in,
 And she shall be as pretty on the whole
 As Trojan Helen."

Another said—"The charming child shall be
 Replete with all variety of knowledge,
 And prove herself a maid of *high degree*
 At any college."

A third exclaimed—"Bewitching swains shall woo
 The girl, and of our darling try to fleece us,
 For she shall be a millionairess too—
 A Lady Cræsus."

But thereupon the beldame, cross and old,
 Disturbed the party, crying in a gruff rage—
 “ Wit, beauty, she may have, but I’ll withhold
 From her the Suffrage.”

In spite of charms that might with Venus vie,
 The maid grew up to grief and disappointment,
 Finding the witch’s curse a bitter fly
 Within her ointment ;

For what to her was scintillating wit—
 And what to her was physical perfection—
 If she were *hors de combat* (out of it)
 At an Election ?

And what were health and wealth and love to her—
 And “ *Primrose-paths* ” of pleasure near or dis-
 tant—
 If she upon the Voters’ Register
 Were non-existent ?

Whether some Prince (by no rebuffs unnerved)
 From this political, unnatural slumber
 Aroused the lady fair, must be reserved
 Till Time’s next number ;

When we shall learn if, by a magic kiss,
 The hero of her fond imagination

Awoke the maid to woman's crowning bliss
Of legislation.

For future history only can convince
Her soul that she was guided or deluded
By dreams of a delivering Fairy Prince.
(*To be concluded.*)

Valentine.

TO A PRIMROSE-DAME.

MOST estimable Primrose-Dame,
 Worthy supporter of that name,
 I lay upon thy shrine
 A flowery tribute from my heart,
 This festal morning set apart
 To good St. Valentine !

When Valentines allured my eye,
 I flitted like a butterfly
 From that design to this ;
 For I was at a loss to say
 What flower most aptly would convey
 My wishes for thy bliss.

The Rose is fair when in its prime,
 But then its hidden thorn in time
 Might give thy hand a smart :
 Forget-me-nots would earn thy scorn,
 For in the world thy smiles adorn
 Forgetting is an art :

The Thistle is a seemly child
Of "Caledonia stern and wild,"
But not beloved as such :
The Shamrock's fresh and green and cool
But highly flavoured with Home Rule—
And that entails so much :

The Apple-blossom's fair and pink,
But might, unwitting, make thee think
Of those primeval days
When Woman's influence in the State
(Arising from the fruit she ate)
Was not accorded praise :

Thyme is a sweetly-scented thing,
But might recall its "fugiting"—
A theme of doubtful cheer :
Upon the Speedwell's "azure brow"
It "writes no wrinkle"—yet, I vow,
A blue look-out is drear :

The golden Daffodils, that "take
The winds of March with beauty," shake
Their heads too much for me,
Who dread a lady's negative ;
And London-pride perhaps might give
Too true a glimpse of thee.

At last it chanced I called to mind
 One, "Peter Bell," whom thou wilt find
 Renowned in Wordsworth's lore—
 "A Primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow Primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more."

Thou art not thus I know full well !
 Beyond the ken of "Peter Bell "
 Thy intellect doth soar :
 A yellow Primrose on the lea
 More than a Primrose is to thee—
 Considerably more.

To thee it means long-looked-for dates,
 When wealth and land and Primrose-fêtes
 Shall Radicals o'erwhelm—
 When Ships of State Life's main shall plough
 With "Youth (and Beauty) at the prow,
 And Pleasure at the helm."

In short, this Primrose is to thee
 What law-abiding liberty,
 And Socialistic fuss,
 The greatest number's happiness,
 The uncurbed freedom of the Press,
 Et cetera—are to us.

Therefore I send thee as a spell
That flower despised by "Peter Bell,"
Whom no romance could vex.
No knight am I of Primrose fame,
So only dare to sign my name
The unknown number—X.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.



To the Old Year.

OLD Year, farewell ! thy fateful thread is spun,
 And now at last thy finished work we see.
 Though thou hast been a kindly friend to me
 I do not sorrow that thy course is run :
 The golden glory of thy setting sun
 Is but the dawning of a year to be,
 So all regretful thoughts, Old Year, of thee
 Are lost in gladness for the year begun.
 Old Year, 'twas true thy pleasures could not last ;
 But yet I hold it to be just as true
 That bright to-morrows shall eclipse to-day :
 The future shall be better than the past—
 The old shall be forgotten in the new—
 Until “ the former things are passed away.”

To the New Year.

WE bid thee welcome, thou unknown New Year,
 With all the treasures that thou hast in store !
 Thou mayst bring less than former years, or more—
 Yet still above them all we count thee dear ;
 For they have passed away, but thou art near :
 And though we cannot change those days of yore,
Thou sayst, as thou art knocking at the door—
 “ Do with me as ye will, for I am here ! ”
 And who will sigh for withered leaves and dead,
 Whilst far in front and fair on either side
 Fresh living flowers make the meadows bright ?
 And who will turn—regretful tears to shed—
 Towards the sad West where yesterday has died,
 Whilst all the East shines red with morning light ?

Two Friends.

A FRIEND have I of beauty great and rare ;
 If good or wise she be I do not know,
 And yet for her my heart is all aglow—
 I love her well because her face is fair.
 Another friend have I my joys to share ;
 I know not if her face be fair or no—
 I love her face because I love her so,
 And feel her virtues are beyond compare.
 And which, methinks, is dearer of the two ?—
 Because the first is passing fair to see
 I'd swear all virtues follow in her train :
 Because the second is so good and true
 Her face is wondrous beautiful to me :
 I know not which is dearer of the twain.

Sunshine.

WHAT wonders Sunshine works upon the world !

It turns the hillside to an emerald throne,

The sullen ocean to a sapphire stone,

The clouds to crimson bannerets unfurled :

Beneath its spell the meadows are be-pearled

With dew-drops bright in glory not their own ;

The land is girded with a golden zone ;

The rose's dainty petals are uncurled.

When Sunshine doth such wondrous beauty bring

As makes our worn old world awhile to glow

With brightness borrowed from the realms above,

It typifies to us that higher thing

Which makes this earth a very heaven below,

The Sunshine of the soul—we call it Love.

Night,

NIGHT comes with silent steps across the plain,
 In all the gloom of sable garments drest :
 Legions of dreams obey her least behest,
 And clouds and darkness follow in her train.
 Whilst constellations chant their stately strain
 She takes our weary earth upon her breast,
 And, like a mother, hushes us to rest,
 Bidding us now forget life's toil and pain.
 'Tis said that morning's joy shall end the night,
 The dayspring drive the darkness far away,
 And new-born gladness comfort them that weep :
 Let those who can, look forward to the light,
 And plan the pleasures of the coming day !
 But I am weary—let me go to sleep.

At the Gate.

“ I’LL meet thee at the gate, Sweetheart,” said he,
“ When I come home from foreign lands again ;
As here we part to-day in grief and pain
So here in joy I’ll keep my tryst with thee.”
He sailed away across the sunlit sea,
But soon was sleeping ’neath the stormy main.
She waited for her lover long in vain—
“ I know he’ll meet me at the gate,” said she.
She waited through the long and weary years,
And ever at the gate her tryst did keep,
Until at last she knew he must be dead ;
Then—having lived her life—she dried her tears,
And, smiling sweetly, softly fell asleep—
“ He’ll meet me at the pearly gate,” she said.

An Old Legend.

THREE knights went forth to fight in days of yore :

The first in golden armour glittered bright,

The next in burnished silver glistened white,

The third a well-worn suit of iron wore.

Each on his breast a carven legend bore :—

“Who wears the Gold shall conquer in the fight!”—

“Pleasure and ease attend the Silver Knight!”—

“The Iron Knight hath better things in store !”

They fought right bravely through the bitter fray ;

And when at last night fell o’er land and sea

Each warrior went to his allotted place—

The first was crowned the victor of the day,

The next forgot his toils in mirth and glee,

The third lay dead, a smile upon his face.

To My Friend.

MY Friend, when thou wert here the woods were gay
With Summer sunshine glinting far and near ;
Above our heads the sapphire sky shone clear
In all the glory of the golden day.
'Tis Autumn now that thou art gone away,
The wild winds wail through woodlands dark and
drear
In sorrow for the slowly dying year,
And all the sullen sky with gloom is grey.
They tell me that the Winter will not last—
That I shall find again with smiling Spring
A glad new year all clad in vernal green :
But ne'er can it recall the happy past,
Nor the departed days ; nor can it bring
Another friend as dear as thou hast been.

To My Lady.

SWEET Lady mine, a rose thou gavest me !

As long as it was fragrant, fresh, and fair,

Upon my breast did I my treasure wear

That all the world its excellence might see.

But when at last its beauty ceased to be,

And men no longer for its charms could care,

I hid it next my heart—and keep it there

For ever in fond memory of thee.

So will I deal with thee, fair Lady mine !—

Whilst thou art young I'll wear thee as a flower

That all the world may see thee and adore ;

But when thy peerless charms have ceased to shine,

And men no longer own thy beauty's power,

I'll hide thee next my heart for evermore.

Compensations.

ONCE on a time I grieved because my bowers
No more with yellow roses were bedight,
Which in the Summer were a goodly sight,
But which, alas ! soon fell in scented showers.
And then I found there came with Autumn hours
Chrysanthemums to make the garden light ;
And in the Spring came daffodillies bright
To strew the shady woodland paths with flowers.
'Twas thus I learned that when one joy has fled,
Its empty place a new-born pleasure fills,
And all regrets for what is gone are vain :—
So now I grieve no more for flowerets shed,
But wait among the golden daffodils
Until the time of roses comes again.

Loyalty.

FEW friends have I to whom I now could say,
 " My mind to you is like an open book ;
 In all its secret places ye may look,
 And I shall never need to say you nay !"
 For howsoever near and dear were they,
 They might, perchance, explore some hidden nook
 Where friendship's fixed foundations faintly shook,
 And dim, disloyal shadows shunned the day.
 But shouldst thou, Dearest, with unblinded eyes
 The dark recesses of my spirit prove,
 And all its inmost sanctuaries see :
 Much wouldst thou find that was not good or wise—
 And much, maybe, unworthy of thy love—
 But not a single thought untrue to thee.

Comparisons.

I WOULD that words could truly tell thee, Sweet,
 The sum of all things that to me thou art !
 As hope's fruition to the fainting heart ;
 As streams of healing to the wayworn feet ;
 As Summer sunshine to the waving wheat ;
 As balm of Gilead to the stinging smart ;
 As cheering news to friends that dwell apart ;
 As shade to those who shirk the noonday heat ;
 As peace to those who falter in the fight ;
 As flowery paths to gloomy forest glades ;
 As harbour-lights to ships that seek the shore ;
 As angel-voices calling through the night
 To souls that tread the valley of the shades :—
 All this thou art to me, Beloved, and more.

As in a Glass.

DEAR, hast thou ever learned to thy surprise
 On entering a chamber mirror-lined,
 That all the friends thou didst appear to find
 Were but thyself reflected severalwise ?
 The room seemed full to unaccustomed eyes
 Whilst thou wert there ; but when thou wert
 inclined
 To leave it, nothing then remained behind
 But emptiness proportioned to its size.
 So if thou lookest in my heart, dear Love,
 Such overflowing fulness wilt thou see
 That thou shalt seek a vacant spot in vain :
 But on a close inspection it will prove
 To be completely filled with nought but thee—
 And wert thou gone, then nothing would remain.

A Spring Breeze.

ACROSS the valley swept a balmy breeze,
 Which came from far beyond the purple hills ;
 And at his touch the happy little rills
 Laughed, and forgot that they had learned to freeze :
 He breathed new life among the forest trees,
 And carpeted the fields with daffodils ;
 Then passed away, as one who just fulfils
 A task, nor cares if the result will please. .
 So didst thou turn my Winter into Spring—
 Life's deeper meanings teaching me to see,
 Till in waste places flowers began to grow ;
 Then—smiling as at some unheeded thing—
 Didst say *Farewell*. What thou hast been to me
 I cannot tell, and thou wilt never know.

A Royal Silver-Wedding.

(10TH MARCH, 1888.)

BLEST with a Silver-Wedding now are they
 Who, hand in hand, for five-and-twenty years—
 'Neath clouds and sunny skies, with smiles and
 tears—
 Have nobly trodden their appointed way.
 We render thanks for this ; and also pray
 That they—unhurt by griefs, unharmed by fears—
 May long be spared, till 'midst a nation's cheers
 They celebrate their Golden Wedding-Day ;
 And on beyond, till some far-distant date,
 When—having done their work and earned their
 rest—
 They lay the heavy cares of empire down,
 Resign the weary load of worldly state,
 And—leaving what is good for what is best—
 Exchange an earthly for a heavenly crown.

Imperfections.

ONE day I grieved because our greatest gain
 Grows pale beside the smallest loss we feel ;
 One hour of wrong can years of right repeal ;
 One faulty link can spoil the strongest chain ;
 One little thorn can cause a cruel pain
 That twice ten thousand roses cannot heal ;
 One harsh discordant note can straightway steal
 All harmony from e'en the sweetest strain.
 To these my doubts there came an answer sure—
 “ God's laws are right if rightly understood !
 Man's patent of perfection lies in this,
 That naught imperfect can his soul endure :
 The highest natures seek the highest good
 Till they are perfect as their Father is.”

The Battle of Life.

THINK not the weary warfare nought avails
 Though oftentimes it seem beyond thy might.
 Strive ever on the side of truth and right,
 And heed not whom the world as victor hails !
 We know not here who conquers, nor who fails ;
 But angels gazing from their peaceful height
 See clearly those who well have fought the fight,
 And name him *Prince* who wrestles and prevails.
 So one, perchance, whom men called strong and
 brave,
 Shall find his wreath of earthly laurels fade
 When heaven's glory ends the storm and strife ;
 Whilst one, who slept within a nameless grave,
 Shall stand before the seraphs undismayed,
 And wear upon his brow a crown of life.

“In Darkest England.”

“IN darkest England let there now be light !”

Men start at first to hear the trumpet blare ;

Then fall to wondering how and when and where
The sunshine best should meet the human sight :

If through the lens of science clear and white

The people that in darkness dwell should dare

To look ; or if they first should see the glare

Made soft by “ storied windows richly dight ” ;—

Forgetting that the sunshine is the same

Whether it glitter through some leafless tree,

Or glow through panes bejewelled in the past,
Or glide through broken rafters like a flame :

These things change not the light ; we only see

A difference in the shadows that they cast.

To the Heliotrope.

FAIR flower ! thou waitest on the Sun all day,
 Till in the West his light doth fade and die ;
 Then Westward dost thou turn thy weeping eye
 To guard the gates through which he passed away.
 Whilst thou art watching at those portals grey
 In vain for him that lately reigned on high,
 A sudden glory floods the Eastern sky
 Where round their rising king the sunbeams play.
 Sweet flower ! thou servest to remind us now
 Of her who long ago, in bitter need,
 Sought vainly that dead Lord she held so dear :
 She heard an angel's voice—"Why weepest thou ?
 He is not here, for He is ris'n indeed !"
 And turning straightway saw her Master near.

Revelation xii. 14.

“Blessed are they that do His commandments.”—*Authorised Version.*

“Blessed are they that wash their robes.”—*Revised Version.*

THE Old Book teacheth us that they are blest,
 And enter that fair City filled with light
 Like to a jasper stone most clear and bright,
 Who faithfully fulfil their Lord's behest.
 The New Book saith to spirits sore distrest,
 That they who wash their robes—though black as
 night—
 Shall make them pure in God's most holy sight,
 And pass through pearly gates to perfect rest.
 The Old is just ;—but yet, alas ! how few
 Have done their Master's bidding here below,
 And never faltered spite of toil and pain :
 The Old is just :—how merciful the New !
 For all may wash their robes as white as snow
 By faith in Him Who died and rose again.

Pearly Gates.

TWELVE gates—each gate a pearl—shall open wide
 To welcome conquering hosts who come to fling
 Their golden crowns before their Lord and King
 In that fair City, His all-glorious bride.
 A pearl is found beneath the flowing tide
 And there is held a worse than worthless thing,
 Spoiling the shell-built home where it doth cling—
 Marring the life near which it must abide.
 The everlasting portals are of these,
 To teach us that perchance some heavy load—
 Some cross 'gainst which so sorely we have striven,
 That seems to mar our lives and spoil our ease—
 May bring us nearer to the Saints' abode,
 And prove at last the very Gate of Heaven.

“A Rainbow round about the Throne.”

(REVELATION IV. 3.)

A RAINBOW round the Throne shall shed its light
 To tell the old, old story o'er again,
 That only in the clouds once black with rain
 The Arc of Promise sets its jewels bright ;
 That only those who well have fought the fight
 And here on earth have suffered grief and pain,
 Can learn to swell that new, triumphant strain
 Which ransomed hosts shall sing on Sion's height.
 And then those white-robed armies, who have passed
 Through tribulation in the bygone years,
 Shall learn that all the sorrow they have known
 Serves but to bring them fuller joy at last,
 When Heaven's sunshine falling on Earth's tears
 Girds with a Rainbow the Eternal Throne.

In the Garden.

I DREAMED about Earth's garden, where I found
 That little foxes spoil the tender vine ;
 Among the roses deadly creepers twine,
 And lilies fair lie trampled on the ground ;
 Whilst round them all the Serpent's coils are wound.
 Whereat dense darkness of despair was mine,
 For in my blindness I perceived no sign
 Of help or comfort as I gazed around.
 Then One, I took to be the Gardener, came ;
 To Whom I cried, " Sir, is it nought to Thee
 That sin and sorrow spoil Thy flowerets sweet ? "
 For answer He but called me by my name,
 And—as I doubted—turned and looked on me,
 Who said, " Rabboni ! "—falling at His Feet.

Nature's Apathy.

No heart hath Nature, though across the wold
The Summer breezes wander to and fro—
Though vine-clad mountains in the sunlight glow,
And smiling vales stand thick with harvest-gold.
She is as heedless as she was of old ;
And cares no more for human weal or woe
Than when she scattered her hoar-frost and snow,
And none were able to abide her cold.
So—crying : “ Who will show us any good ? ”—
We turn from Nature's apathy, which chills
The gladness and the grief beyond her ken,
To One Who sits above the waterflood—
Who weighs as dust the everlasting hills—
And yet is mindful of the sons of men.

Songs.

THE breeze sings sweetly as it sweeps along—
 The brook sings slowly as it sparkles by—
 The star sings softly as it shines on high—
 The bird sings shrilly, with clear note and strong.
 But we, who sojourn 'mid the city's throng,
 With stifled hearts and voices vainly try
 To swell the strain of Nature's symphony,
 And take our part in the seraphic song.
 Our ears are deafened by delusive dreams ;
 Our harps are silent, and no tuneful string
 Makes music at the striker's sweet command :
 We weep beside the Babylonian streams,
 And sigh like them of old—" How can we sing
 The songs of Sion in this strangers' land ? "

Tired.

I AM too worn and weary now to trace
The story of what thou for me hast done
In all my wanderings underneath the sun
Since that fair morn when first I saw thy face.
I fain would rest me for a little space,
Let Time's relentless hour-glass idly run ;
But do not blame me, Dear, nor deem me one
Devoid of either gratitude or grace :
I am not thankless—only tired, my Sweet ;
And simply ask to hold thee by the hand
In silence while the shades of evening fall.
Yet it may come to pass we twain shall meet
Beyond the borders of the Shadowland,
And then it will be time to tell thee all.

In the New Gallery, 1891.

No. 34.—“SPONSA DE LIBANO.”

AWAKE, awake, thou bitter Northern wind ;
 And thou, O Southern zephyr, softly blow !
 That spices in my garden forth may flow,
 And my Beloved His pleasant fruits may find.
 Ye both are needed—North, with blasts unkind ;
 And South, that flingest flowerets high and low—
 To make the spikenard and the saffron grow,
 And vine-leaves with the tender grapes entwined.
 Breathe on mine orchard, harsh and gentle breeze !
 Ere my Beloved come down to gather there
 Red-hearted pomegranates, and lilies white
 That fringe the streams beneath the cedar-trees :
 For Love and Sorrow only can make fair
 For Him the garden of the Shulamite.

In the New Gallery, 1891.

NO. 190.—“EARTH-RISE FROM THE MOON.”

Is that our Earth—that pale and ghostly thing
Casting a feeble and reflected light
Across the dark abysses of the night,
Where weird, fantastic forms their shadows fling?
To Earth with fond and filial hearts we cling,
And vaunt unceasingly her children's might—
Thinking how wise we are, how great, how right,
And how omniscient in our reasoning:
Not dreaming that to other, higher spheres
This globe we prize as peerless—which we deem
The crown of Heaven's canopy unfurled—
Is but a pallid lamp, which spends the years
In lighting with a sickly, borrowed beam
The ruins of a long-forsaken world.

Cornell University Library
PR 6011.O96V5

Verses, grave and gay.



3 1924 013 614 031

olin

